

## CHARIVARIA.

*The Throne*, which was formerly sixpence, may now be had for threepence. They seem to have got hold of the same idea in Portugal.

The fact that within a few days of the event the opening scenes of the Portuguese Revolution were shown in all the cinematograph theatres is now leading thoughtful persons to wonder whether the Revolution was not engineered by the enterprising promoters of living picture entertainments.

The humility of true greatness! Mlle. GABRIELLE DESLYS, the actress, has informed an interviewer, "I am not ashamed of having the friendship of young King MANOEL."

"As regards the situation in Portugal," says *The Car*, "let us hope that the new form of Government will pay more attention to the roads than the old did." This, we understand, will be all right. The roads will be swept, if necessary, with shrapnel.

Yet another suggestion has been made as to a national King Edward Memorial. It is proposed that great roads should be made through England from sea to sea, in the form of a cross, of sufficient width for armies to traverse them on the march. Generous contributions are expected from Germany.

Mr. BRANDON, who is in prison at Leipzig awaiting trial as a spy, is translating GOETHE'S *Faust* into English. In Germany it is hoped that he will shortly become acquainted also with WILHELM'S *gepanzerte Faust*—the famous mailed fist.

Mr. ROOSEVELT has made a short trip in an aeroplane. He described it as the finest experience he had ever had, and he would have liked to stay up longer. There is some talk now of his political opponents presenting him with a whole fleet of airships.

Mr. S. NICHOLSON BABB, who won the Leighton Memorial prize for a design for a lamp standard, has depicted a group of children round the base, "symbolising England's maritime power." This should gratify the supporters of a "Little Navy" policy.

"There is probably no breed of dog," says *The Ladies' Field*, "whose lineage is so unsullied and whose blood is so

pure as the Scottish deerhound. There is certainly no breed whose carriage asserts his noble descent so plainly." This is indeed an age of luxury for dogs.

The Water Board is faced with a deficit. The fact that water does not seem to pay has caused considerable satisfaction in publican circles.

The police asserted last week at the Marylebone Police Court that during the past three months no fewer than



THE SENSATIONAL VICTORY OF MISS LEITCH OVER MR. H. HILTON (EX-GOLF CHAMPION) IN THE RECENT INTER-SEX "TEST" HANDICAP, HAS GIVEN A FRESH STIMULUS TO WOMAN'S CLAIM TO BE RECOGNISED AS THE EQUAL OF MAN.

forty thefts from perambulators had been reported to them. The miscreants always appear to go for articles of value, the baby in each instance being left intact.

We extract the following paragraph from our lively contemporary, *Exchange and Mart*:—

"K.C. CONTROL OF JUDGES:—

It is, of course, all very well to keep railing at the ignorance of judges—to an extent it is needed—but it does not bring us nearer any remedy for what is really the greatest evil of our time."

K.C., it appears, stands for Kennel Club, and we are sorry to find that the

ignorance of judges is not confined to the bench.

Interviewed on the subject of her engagement to Mr. ROBERT LORAIN, Miss LÖHR has stated, "If he goes flying, he will have to fly alone as far as I am concerned." Even when married she will stick to the Löhrr levels.

Special classes in practical house-keeping designed for prospective brides are a feature of the curriculum of the Battersea Polytechnic. It is proposed that the pupils, when they have completed their course, shall be registered at the Labour Exchanges so that anyone in search of a skilled wife will know where to find one.

And a Public-Speaking Club has been formed with a view to turning out orators. We understand that every branch of the art will be taught there, including, what is so important to young political speakers, the dodging of missiles. To be able to make the appropriate gesture with one hand while catching an egg lightly in the other is a task which at times has baffled even the most practised orators.

## THE COMPENSATION.

THE holiday passed merrily;  
Now, back in Town once more,  
I emulate the busy bee  
From ten to half-past four.  
I do not show a lack of joy  
Nor wear a worried look  
To find a chattering office-boy  
Succeed the babbling brook.

'Tis not that I regard with scorn  
My lazy loafing days;  
I much prefer a field of corn  
To London's dreary maze;  
But consolation's near at hand:  
In Town at least I get  
My favourite tobacco and  
My special cigarette.

"Boy, of about 14, wanted to go on a tea round three days weekly to help re-seat cane chairs."—*Bournemouth Daily Echo*.  
They seem to have very heavy teas in Bournemouth.

"They kicked high and rushed hard, and for a time they gave the Chelsea backs no peace."—*Football Evening News*.  
Beans instead.

"The ball hovered in front of Carmichael for some minutes, but he eventually cleared with a huge kick."—*Evening News*.  
And about time, too!

## TO A "FRENCHMAN."

[Resident on the coast of Norfolk.]

HARD by the old-time haunt of Danish galleys,  
Down wind you came against the marshland lights,  
And on your legs the tint that marks a ballet's  
Integuments (or tights).

Breast-high you flew, and every moment fleeter;  
I could have floored you then with facile art,  
But should most probably have couched a beater  
Also within the cart.

And while I wondered whether I would chance it,  
Risking a deed not readily unwrought,  
You had arrived, and your immediate transit  
Disturbed this train of thought.

Then as you grazed the hedge (and nearly slew me,  
Missing by inches my averted nose)  
A thrill from your exotic legs ran through me—  
Legs like the pink, pink rose.

And ere your tail had cleared the zone of danger  
The voice of Hospitality cried "No!  
He is a Frenchman, in your gates a stranger,  
You must not lay him low!"

I thought of England's record, high and splendid,  
For housing aliens from off the foam;  
How to the immigrant her arms extended  
A furnished home from home.

Like Huguenots, I saw your fathers landing  
Within the asylum of your kin and kind;  
Would it enhance the Cordial Understanding  
To hit you from behind?

Such a discourtesy I calmly scouted,  
And, as across the distant hedge you swung,  
"Soyez tranquille, mon brave ami!" I shouted  
(Using your own fair tongue).

And when I saw that you had safely quitted  
The scene of carnage, settling in the roots,  
I raised my restive muzzle and emitted  
A brace of loud salutes.

You heard me from your cover, lying *perdu*?  
My fellows thought I'd missed you by a field;  
But you, I hope, perceived the tact that spared you  
The fate I might have sealed. O. S.

## When unemployed, employed the most.

"Through pressure of work Mr. James P. R. Lyell has resigned the chairmanship of the Central Unemployed Body."—*Daily Mirror*.

"LADY'S perfectly new artificial leg (left), 5ft. 4in.; also pair crutches, 52in. long."—*Daily Mail*.  
Some one must have pulled the leg.

"Shortly afterwards they [the burglars] were found intoxicated in a field, and stated that they had drunk the hairwash in mistake for spirits."—*Evening Standard*.  
It seems to have gone straight to their heads.

From a draper's catalogue in Bombay:—

"White Muslin Blouse, new pointed joke, each Rs. 4/4."  
Intending purchasers are requested to send their jest measurements.

## OLD CLOTHES.

SCENE—A Dressing-room. TIME—11.30 A.M. A large wardrobe stands open with all its drawers pulled out. All other drawers in other articles of furniture in the room are also pulled out. Little heaps of clothes, shirts, underwear, etc., cover the floor, the bed, the chairs and the table. She is standing in the midst of the ruin. He enters suddenly.

He. Oh, you're here, are you? I've been hunting for you all over the—I say, by Jove, what have you been up to with my clothes?

She. I'm just looking through them.

He. But I never asked you to look through them.

She. No, Charles, you didn't. There are lots of things I do without being asked. Who gets the buttons sewed on to your shirts? Who has the naughty holes in your socks mended? Who—but, of course, if you want me not to I'll never do it again, no never.

He. But this isn't a button-sewing business. There are no holes in my coats and waistcoats, and if there were you couldn't mend them. Come, what's your game?

She. In the first place, you've no right to be here at all.

He. What! Not in my own dressing-room? Isn't that a bit steep?

She. I repeat, you've no right to be here. You said you were going to London this morning, and—

He. I haven't gone. Changed my mind.

She. A man has no business to change his mind. For all practical purposes I consider you are in London. You don't exist here. I don't acknowledge you. Go away, person. I've nothing for you.

He. I'll soon show you if I'm here or not.

[He seizes a heap of clothes and is about to restore them to the wardrobe.

She. Stop! Those clothes are mine.

He. Yours! My old shooting suit!

She. Yes, mine. My dear Charles, you simply can't wear them any more. They're falling to pieces, and what's left of them is inches deep in dirt. I claim them.

He. Well, you're not going to have them. They're the only really comfortable shooting things I've ever had.

She. Charles, it shall never be said that I wasn't reasonable. You shall keep your dear old oily shooting things, but you must give me this brown suit instead. It's a sacrifice, but for your sake I'll make it.

He. But what in thunder do you want the clothes for? You can't wear them.

She. And how do you expect Mrs. Bradish's eldest boy to get a place as under footman if he hasn't got a decent suit to his back?

He. I never had any expectations of any kind about him. I don't know him. I don't know Mrs. Bradish.

She. Well, it's high time you did. How do you expect people not to be Socialists if you're going to be so haughty and exclusive?

He. Oh, stop it. Who is she?

She. Mrs. Bradish is a widow. She has five sons. They all live in a cottage, and the sons all require clothes.

He. So that's what you've been up to. A little quiet clothes-stealing.

She. Pooh!

He. What would you say if I were to have a turn amongst your clothes, and bag some of your frocks and things?

She. I should say you were a very impudent person.

He. But what's the difference?

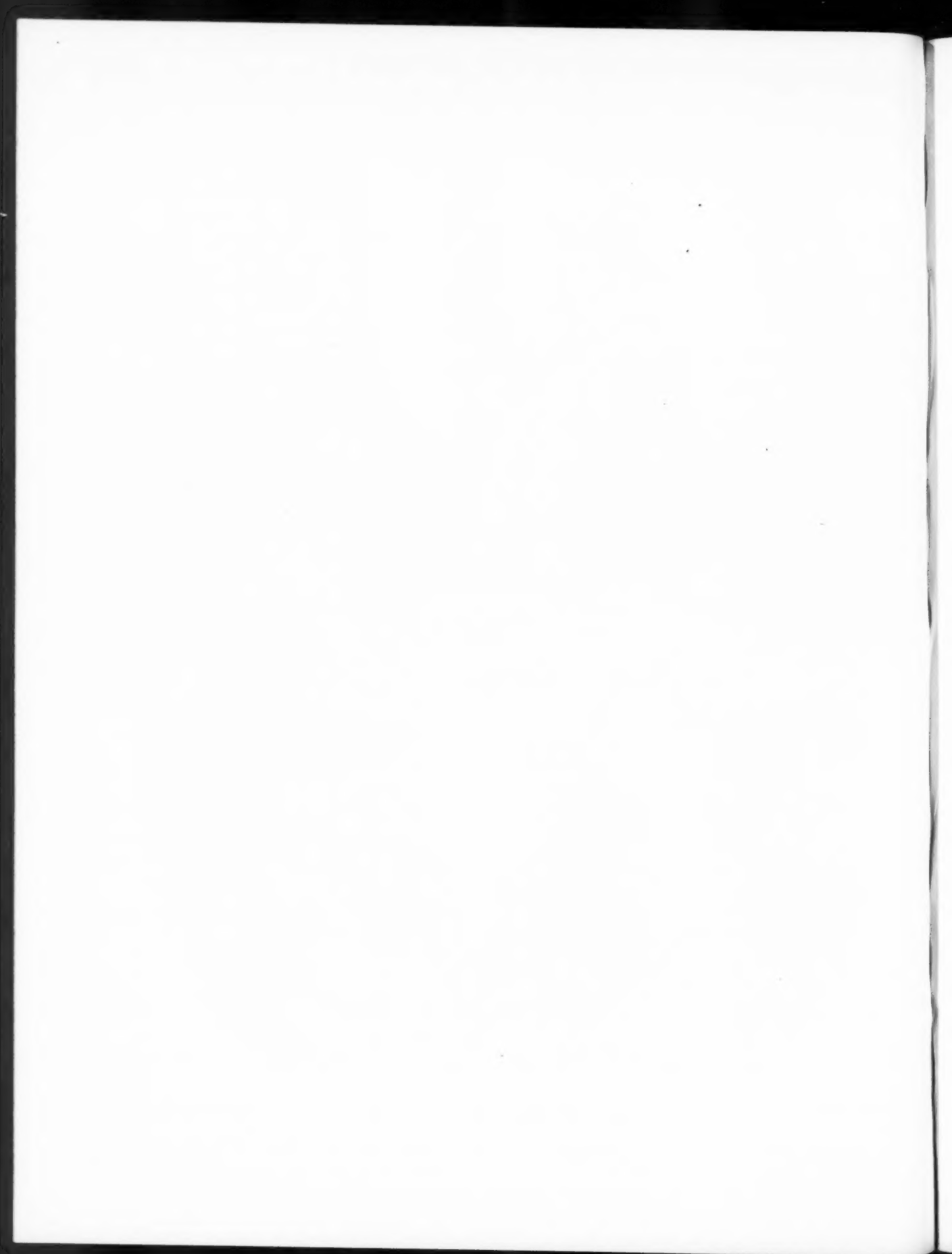
She. All the difference in the world. Do you want



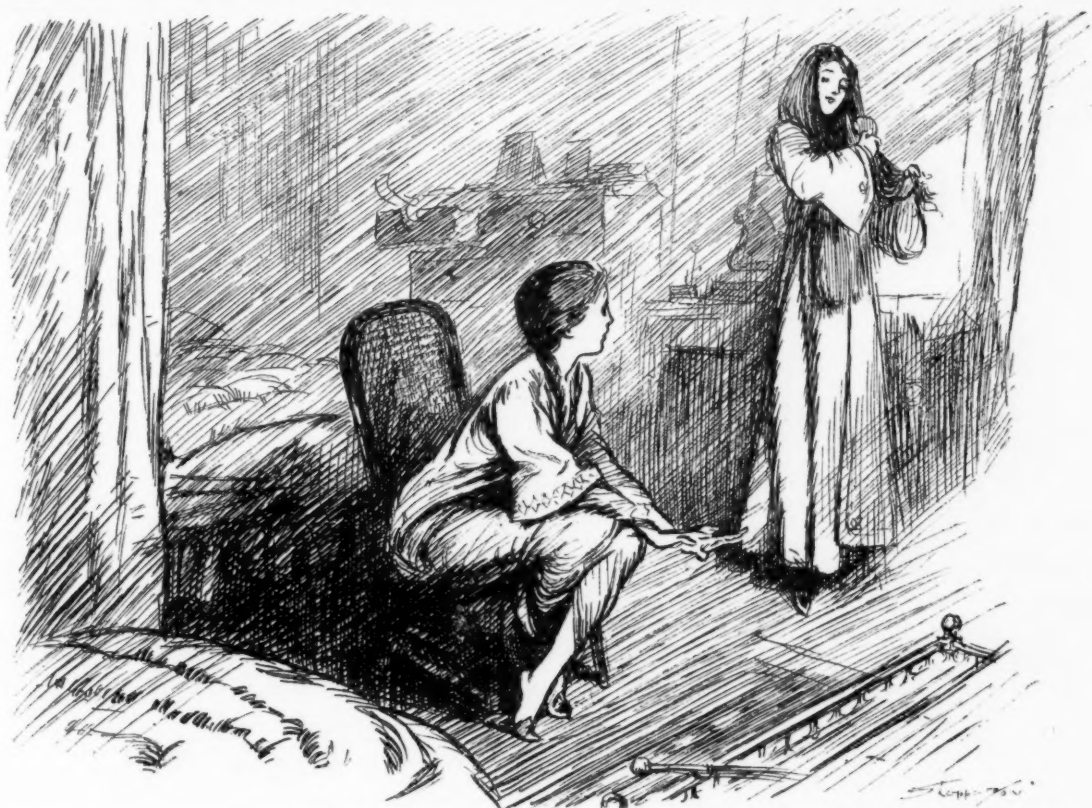
### ALARUMS WITHOUT.

GENERAL ASQUITH (*at parley of opposing commanders*). "ARE THOSE YOUR TRUMPETS I HEAR OUTSIDE BREAKING THE TRUCE?"

GENERAL BALFOUR. "I SHOULDN'T WONDER. ANYHOW, HEAVEN KNOWS IT'S NOT MY DOING."







"I SAY, BARBARA, CAN YOU SAY YOUR PRAYERS IN GERMAN YET?"

"NO, NOT PROPERLY—NOT WITHOUT A DICTIONARY."

Master Bradish to offer himself for a footman in a frock of mine? Really, Charles, you mustn't be so ridiculous.

*He.* But I wanted to give that brown suit to Parkins.

*She.* A butler in a brown suit? Charles, it's not to be thought of. Besides, I don't like you to give your clothes to Parkins.

*He.* Why not? He valets me.

*She.* Well, I don't like it. The fact is, I've noticed that your clothes look ever so much better on Parkins than they ever did on you.

*He.* I've noticed that myself. Can't make it out.

*She.* Oh, I don't know. Parkins is a handsome figure of a man, you know. Fine portly presence, good legs and—

*He.* We won't worry about Parkins's other points.

*She.* No, Charles. Well, then, the brown suit's mine; and I shall want an extra pair of trousers—these stripey ones will do—and a shirt or two and a sock or so. May I, Charles?

*He.* Oh, take anything you like.

*She.* Generous, noble-hearted creature! But you came up here to tell me something. What was it?

*He.* I only wanted to tell you I hadn't gone to London.

*She.* Well, tell me quick, and then you can run away.

#### Another Sinister Omen from Germany.

*The Tatler* informs us that the German KAISER has ordered his Christmas cards from an English firm and has selected "a facsimile of a painting of CHARLES II. and his suite embarking for England." The Editor of *The National Review* will perhaps kindly take a note of this.

#### AN EMPTY SADDLE.

Down the hill path echo the hoof-beats hollow;  
The empty saddle sways;  
Sadly the road that weary feet must follow  
Winds through the darkling braes!

Soft fall the clansman voices, hushed, complete in  
A pathos worse than woe;  
Meet tongue indeed to murmur of defeat in—  
The Gaelic, gentle, low!

Up in the cliffs the raven cries for slaughter,  
The caustic croaking mocks  
A beaten man whose heart is in the water  
That squelches in his socks.

Bird of ill omen, sombre and accurst one,  
Be still upon your crag,  
You surely don't suppose that I'm the first one  
Who's missed a rotten stag?

"Duncan, as usual, carried the bunker guarding the first green with his second shot, but Sherlock was trapped and lost the hole. However, he drew level at the second and took the lead at the fourth, where Duncan found a bunker, and never lost it to the end of the match."—*Daily Mail*.

Terrible handicap to a man to be saddled all day with a bunker which he can't get rid of.

## AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S CENSORED PLAY.

MR. FLORENCE HOUSMAID'S long-threatened reading of his great historical drama, *Brocks and Benefits*, occurred yesterday in the Caxton Hall before what was at the start a crowded and enthusiastic audience.

The history of *Brocks and Benefits*, although only too familiar to all readers of *The Times* and *Votes for Women*, may be briefly stated. On its subjection to the Lord Chamberlain's office, in accordance with the rules of the game, the play was returned without a licence. No reasons were given, nor have any since been vouchsafed to the author, although a vast correspondence, marked "Private and Confidential," has passed between Mr. REDFORD and the lady who was to produce the great work. Mr. Housmaid is, however, under the impression that the official objection to the play is that among the characters are *Old King Cole* and his cruelly ill-used divorced wife, *Queen Lemmevote*; he believes that it is because to show English royalty in any light but that of heroism and grandeur is, in a living dramatist, unseemly, that the Censor has been forced to take action. In order to emphasise the anomaly which permits an author to recite his own sedition, indecency, slander, or whatever it may be, in a Town Hall, but does not allow others to speak the same words in a theatre, Mr. Housmaid decided to give this reading. Such is the history of yesterday's momentous gathering.

The Caxton Hall, never so home-like as when Englishwomen are gathered together there, was found to have been newly furnished against the autumn campaign. *Carte blanche* to make the place at once cosy and durable had been given to the Thames Iron Works, and the result is all that can be desired. The chairs are now wholly of good-tempered steel, firmly bolted to the floor, while the chairwoman's table is a solid mass of Aberdeen granite.

For yesterday's function banners had been prepared bearing such inflammatory but necessary and, under the circumstances, moderate, legends as "Down with the Censor!" "À bas Earl SPENCER!" "Vive ROBERT HARCOURT!" "Unshackle the Drama!" and so forth.

The early doors were besieged by a long queue before the morn was grey. Fortified with camp-stools, sandwiches and the last number of *Votes for Women*, the gallant band endured through the long interval, not a little cheered by the encouragement given them by errand boys and the more conversational members of the unemployed. By two

o'clock, when the doors were opened, the concourse was so great that the police had to be called in to regulate it; and many were the greetings that passed between the two bodies of old friends. No unpleasantness marred the proceedings and the hall filled up as quietly and happily as it used to do in the days of Merrie England, when the good Caxton gave public readings there from the Golden Legend.

The chair was taken by Mrs. PANKHURST, surrounded by some of the principal dramatists and Suffragettes of the day. One looked in vain for Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, but Mrs. PETHICK LAWRENCE caught the eye wherever one turned. At three o'clock precisely Mr. Housmaid entered with a roll of MS. in his hand, and the vast audience rose to their feet, waved their handkerchiefs and sang the National Anthem.

Silence being secured, the chairwoman read a number of letters regretting the absence of their writers, among these being Sir ARTHUR PINERO, Sir W. S. GILBERT, Sir A. CONAN DOYLE, and Mr. HALL CAINE, and Mrs. PANKHURST then delivered a brief address, introducing the dramatist to the company as the most distinguished Englishwoman on their roster (*loud cheers*), and not only an Englishwoman, but one of the most deserving of modern martyrs. What LATIMER and RIDLEY, she said, were to BLOODY MARY (*sensation*), so was Mr. Housmaid to Earl SPENCER. (*Hear, hear.*) She would not however detain the meeting any longer.

Three groans having then been given for the Censor and three cheers for the other Cause, Mr. Housmaid, amid thunders of applause, began to read.

Obviously a full report is impossible here, but a brief *précis* may be attempted. In the First Act *King Cole* is seen wooing *Lemmevote*. She is reluctant; he is ardent. She exacts conditions; he promises everything. They are betrothed.

In the Second Act he begins to tire, and his *ennui* is only increased by her insisting that his pledges shall be fulfilled. What are these pledges? The extension of the suffrage to every woman. (*Great enthusiasm.*) The King repudiates the suggestion and leaves for Brighton, where he has a private Tivoli.

In the Third Act the Queen is seen in her retirement leading a life of studious seclusion, writing a political pamphlet now and then, or soliloquising at some length on the injustice done to her sex.

In the Fourth Act we see the King conspiring to be rid of *Queen Lemmevote*. (*Cries of "Shame."*) He arranges with his creatures to accuse her of infidelity. (*Sensation.*)

In the Fifth Act we see the trial scene, in which the speeches of the counsel for the defence are given in full. Since the advocate was the famous Long-wind Broom this Act takes three hours to read. The Queen is, however, found guilty, and the marriage annulled.

In the last Act *Queen Lemmevote* repudiates man and all his works in an impassioned peroration calculated to bring the blush of triumph to the cheek of every Suffragette, and the curtain falls.

As it was now nearly midnight the audience was not so crowded as at first, but she clapped the reader very heartily and they went out arm-in-arm.

## A STRIKE AMONG THE POETS.

[Conspicuous among the few British industries that have not "come out" recently are the Ballad-makers. But there are signs of trouble even there.]

In his chamber, weak and dying,  
While the Norman Baron lay,  
Loud, without, his men were crying,  
"Shorter hours and better pay."

Know you why the ploughman, fretting,  
Homeward plods his weary way  
Ere his time? He's after getting  
Shorter hours and better pay.

See! the *Hesperus* is swinging  
Idle in the wintry bay,  
And the Skipper's daughter's singing,  
"Shorter hours and better pay."

Where's the minstrel boy? I've found  
him  
Joining in the labour fray  
With his placards slung around him,  
"Shorter hours and better pay."

Oh, young Lochinvar is coming;  
Though his hair is getting grey  
Yet I'm glad to hear him humming,  
"Shorter hours and better pay."

E'en the boy upon the burning  
Deck has got a word to say,  
Something rather cross concerning  
Shorter hours and better pay.

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make as much as they.  
Work no more, until they find us  
Shorter hours and better pay.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit! (SHELLEY)  
Wilt thou be a blackleg? Nay.  
Soaring, sing above the *mêlée*,  
"Shorter hours and better pay."

"People differ so much in their tastes and in their habits, that what would seem very nice to one man makes another woman merely turn up her nose."—*A Fruitarian Dictionary.*

Yes, yes; but what would she do if she were another man?



Sexton (who has been admonished by the absent Vicar to look after the locum). "IN THERE; AND WHEN BELL STOPS AH'LL COME AN' LOOSE YE IN."

### SOCKS AND THE MAN.

["The reign of the passionate sock is over," says *The Express* in an article on autumn fashions for men. But in handkerchiefs, it adds, a man may "let himself go."]

So we must part, beloved socks  
 (Or, as the hosiers have it, "footwear");  
 Contemned your hues, run down your clocks,  
 'Tis now ordained you shall be put where  
 One puts one's left-off gear  
 (E.g., the bowler-hat of yesteryear).  
 I call to mind the day when first  
 You caught me in your silken meshes,  
 When on my dazzled gaze you burst  
 And proved how wayward human flesh is;  
 You cost three bob a pair,  
 And I bought seven, and lunched that week on air.  
 I wore a different pair each day,  
 Each pair a different scheme of colour;  
 And when the wash called you away  
 The world seemed infinitely duller.  
 Through you I understood  
 How to express myself in every mood.

Did I aspire to paint the town,  
 My feet were cased in something ruddy,

Which peacefully gave place to brown  
 Whene'er my thoughts inclined to study;  
 And once I wore the green  
 While Tompkins flirted with my Angeline.  
 A thread of gold supplied the clue  
 When my ambitions turned to Mammon;  
 Down in the dumps, I sported blue,  
 And, when I felt erotic, salmon;  
 While for a Sunday shade  
 I fancied mauve to go with Church Parade.  
 Now all is done 'twixt you and me;  
 You're banished to a dark exile hence  
 By that imperative decree  
 Which dooms our socks henceforth to silence.  
 There is a power, my friends,  
 That disciplines our loud-hued nether ends.  
 Farewell! No more may I proclaim  
 Upon my feet each vagrant passion;  
 And yet I'm not disposed to blame  
 That very fickle goddess Fashion,  
 By whose indulgent leave  
 I'll wear my heart in future up my sleeve.

### A Brilliant Finale.

"With Mr. Balfour's speech, the Silly Season may be said to have ended."—*Graphic*.



## TRACKING DOWN A ROMANCE.

"WATSON," said George, coming into my chamber at five o'clock on Friday, October 7th, "are you prepared? Put your revolver in your pocket, pull your hat over your eyes and face the new problem."

"I am at your service, Holmes," I answered, thrusting away the work which I was not really doing and getting my things together. "What is it now?"

"Call me George, and come along and solve the mystery of the Stage Romance. I have heard a paper-boy shouting, and we must know the details at once."

We walked out of the Temple into Fleet Street. "Surely," I asked him, "you are not going to sink so low as to buy an evening paper. Is that playing the game?"

"Buy a paper? Certainly not. What are you thinking of? We must elucidate this dark affair from what the posters tell us for nothing. Hist!" he whispered, pointing to the first of them. "Do you see it?"

## STAGE ROMANCE.

That means that there has been a romance on the stage."

"George," I said, "you are positively wonderful."

"This is not a mere play, but something real, appallingly genuine. At first I suspected another Peer and another Chorus Girl. But I dismiss that, for the poster would have put more emphasis on the bridegroom and less on the bride. It cannot be a Peersess in her own right and a Chorus Man, or they would have been more explicit. Let us proceed."

We turned our steps westward, and at the corner of Wellington Street we got our second clue.

## ROMANCE OF POPULAR ACTRESS.

"That clears the field a little," said George. "We are left with four possibilities—a marriage, a divorce, theft of jewels or a sprained ankle. Romance, with the press, is an elastic term. We must get her name."

"But will they tell us, unless we buy a paper?"

"They must. They cannot help themselves. These posters simply cannot keep a secret. They try every evening, but invariably fail. The temptation for each to go one better than the last is irresistible. After all, a poster is only human."

At the corner of St. Martin's Lane we found, as we expected, more expansiveness.

POPULAR ACTRESS'S ENGAGEMENT.  
CIVIL WAR IN PORTUGAL.

"Ignore the latter part," said George, "it is only a blind. We may now, I think, eliminate all the popular actresses who are securely married. There remain the Misses DARE, but they would not have appeared anonymously even on a poster. There also remains . . .

## MARIE LÖHR ENGAGED.

. . . MARIE LÖHR! Ah, I suspected as much."

We had to walk to the further end of Piccadilly Circus for more enlightenment, and even that left us with much to learn.

## MARIE LÖHR ENGAGED

## TO A

## POPULAR ACTOR.

There the matter seemed to end. Search as we would, we could not induce that secretive fiancé to emerge into the light of publicity. Up and down Piccadilly we walked, but we could not find him out. "Obviously," remarked George, "a very retiring fellow. Tell me the names of some popular actors who are retiring."

I thought hard. "No," said I, "I cannot do it. I can only think of popular actors I should like to see retiring."

Depressed by the vain chase, we got on to a bus going Kensingtonwards. Though we kept our eyes wide open, we could not get forward with it. Rather we went backwards, back to MARIE LÖHR engaged, back to the mere unnamed engagement, back even to the stage romance. In despair we alighted at South Kensington Station and turned into a side street, and there, where we least expected it, we got our climax.

## ROBERT LORAINÉ ENGAGED

## TO A

## POPULAR ACTRESS.

George was all for going on with it. "Turn back now, when we are just getting to the details? My dear James, with perseverance we may yet find out how he worded the question; whether she remarked on the suddenness of it; how much the ring cost."

But I insisted on withdrawing from the affair. "If we go on with our search, they will have to go on with another climax. We cannot expect them to get married this evening, and we may force them into a disaster."

George turned round. "You are right," he said reluctantly. "Perhaps I ask too much. We are too fond of Miss LÖHR and Mr. LORAINÉ to run any risks with their happiness. It would be a pity indeed if we were the innocent cause of their breaking it off."

So to be on the safe side we went home by the Underground, sedulously avoiding all placarded matter, save the more familiar advertisements.

## NOVELISTS AS REPORTERS.

A CONTEMPORARY has lately been lamenting that the outlook for the fiction-market is one of increasing gloom. It is even suggested that many of our leading novelists might with more advantage employ their pens in practical journalism.

We venture to submit below a few sample extracts from the sort of thing that might be expected should this bright suggestion take effect:

## I. THE EVENT.

During yesterday's severe storm, an elderly gentleman named Jones was knocked down by a motor-bus in Ludgate Circus, but fortunately escaped without serious injury.

## II. ITS TREATMENT.

## (a) By Mr. H. G. Wells.

"One of the most difficult and embarrassing features about this matter of Jones is that one possesses no previous knowledge upon which to base a definite and communicable idea of the man . . . He just comes at one, as it were, out of the murk of that afternoon, already a completed entity; Jones . . .

You picture him, a little, rotund figure, pathetically bewildered, hesitating in a blind, meaningless way upon the edge of the curb . . . All round him, vague, storm-lashed shapes . . . distorted, unhuman things; policemen, umbrellas, Fabians (ugh!) and the like. And everywhere, noise . . .

"I might do it," he said to himself, "with luck . . ."

"Now," he said, "now . . ." and decided to chance it.

And then, you know, there was the motor-bus. Quite suddenly it came, a confused impression of more noise, grown all at once ever so much more insistent, overwhelming . . . Hi, woosh!

"Mind!" cried Mr. Jones, "mind!" He became amazingly conscious of himself, stable in the midst of a tumultuously whirling universe, the centre of all kinds of bewildering phenomena. Also that his nose, in some unaccountable way, was bleeding.

"Damn!" he said . . .

## (b) By Mr. William de Morgan.

Never tell us it was the driver's fault. We know better. So also, for the matter of that, does Lizeran herself, for all she was running away, and, anyhow, never no nearer the dratted thing than the side of the pavement over again the Lud's Ed public. No, nor it wasn't the Old Gentleman's fault neither. It was, first and last, the storm's fault entirely. So, at least, Mr. Ammond said; and bless us! we suppose it will



he conceded that he ought to know Mr. Ammond (this is what Lizeran always called him—not for many years to come will she suspect the absence of that missing aspirate) was the guard of the bus in question, and as kind and veracious a man as ever drew breath.

He drew it with some difficulty that afternoon, by reason of the same storm, as aforesaid. Storm indeed, we should rather think so: a regular one, and no mistake about it. They told each other, down in the City, that there hadn't been such wind and rain between the days of Ebenezer Scrooge and those of Joseph Vance—and we leave you to calculate what an interval that was! There was no possibility of escaping it. It tore round corners, did that wind, at Badness knows how many miles an hour; whistling through keyholes, and plucking slates off house roofs, as if on purpose to make an opening for its ally the rain. Bemuddling old gentlemen was child's play to it. As Lizeran's own daddy remarked, when he looked out through the little window of the jug-and-bottle entrance—

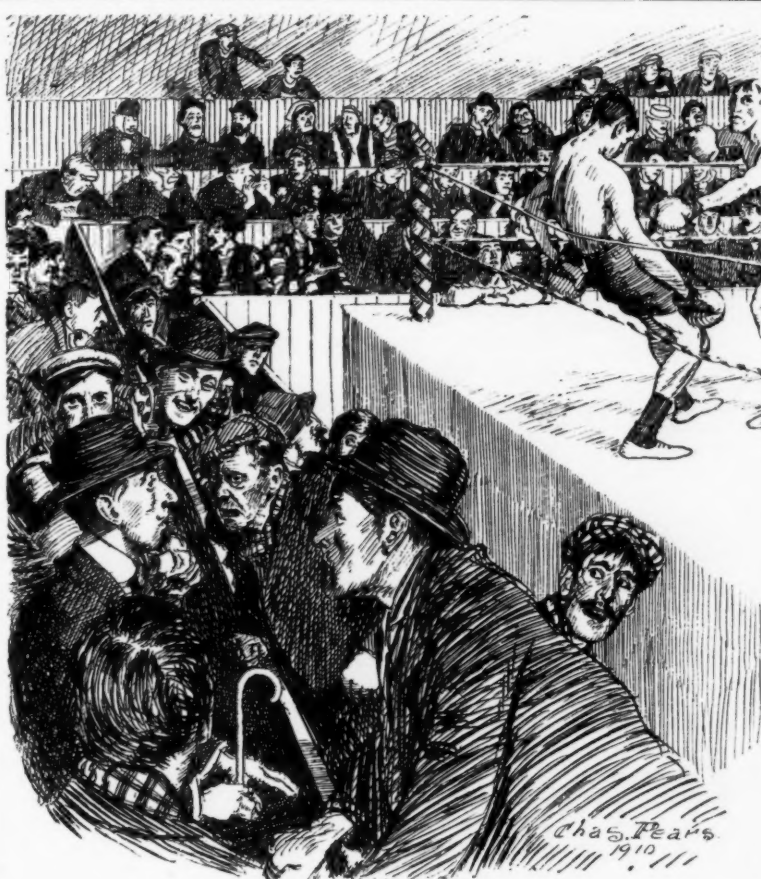
[EDITOR. *Is this likely to be very long?* AUTHOR. *Well, I could make it fill three volumes.* EDITOR. *Ah!*]

(c) By Mr. Arnold Bennett.

I.

About a quarter to five o'clock, on a warm Saturday afternoon in the late summer of 1865 (a year notable for its fine Saturdays), a small boy named David Jones was standing in the bay window of a large red-brick house in the High Street of Bursley. He wore a jacket, vest, and "knickers" of gray tweed, the lining and buttons of which bore the name of Brown and Son, the largest retail haberdashers in the Five Towns, whose shop stood at the upper end of High Street, on the site at present occupied by the Mechanics' Institute. It was close upon half-a-century since Brown, Sen., the head of the firm, had established—[EDITOR. *Has he anything to do with the story?* AUTHOR. *Only indirectly; it's all atmosphere.* EDITOR. *Cut it.*] The boy's apparent costume was completed by a pair of black knitted stockings, and the same number of boots, rather small for their age. Really, of course, he had other "things" on, but I have no time to describe them.

He was thinking, very slowly and comprehensively, about a large number of subjects. He did it slowly, because all action, whether mental or physical, was notoriously deliberate in the Five Towns at this period. Even a school-boy had been known to occupy twenty pages of description in the simple process of coming home to dinner.



#### AT WONDERLAND.

*Friend of the boy who gave the punch (turning to young man in collar who has criticised aloud). "IT 'IM BELOW THE BELT, DID 'E! WHERE DO YOU FINK 'IS BELT OUGHT TER BE? RAHND 'IS FURRID!"*

He thought about Bursley, its history, and the economic welfare of its inhabitants for generations. Suddenly the sight of his father coming along the street caused him to smile happily. He had discovered the subject for a fresh digression.

II.

Almost the first thing that John Jones, David's father, could recollect, was one winter morning when his aged grandmother—

[EDITOR. *Who's she?* AUTHOR. *She would be the great-grandmother of David.* EDITOR. *Oh, I say!*

III.

However, to return to the small boy who was looking out of the window. After about two hours, David began to be aware of subdued clattering sounds coming from the direction of the kitchen. He knew that these indicated tea, and even very possibly gooseberry

jam. David's mother always made her own gooseberry jam; had done so, indeed, ever since one memorable July when—

[*To be continued as a serial. Look out for the motor-bus towards the end of December.*]

#### In camera.

"During many of the hunts Mr. Kearton (the famous photographer) was so weak from the fever that he had to be carried to the spot where the lion lay on his camp bed."

*Daily News.*

It seems that even the privacy of a beast's bedroom is not sacred to these rash intruders.

#### Out with the '45.

"Un grand match de cricket s'organise actuellement entre le Club de Rose Hill et celui de la ville. Pas moins de 45 joueurs doivent y prendre part. La musique militaire se fera entendre."—*The Planters and Commercial Gazette (Mauritius).*



"IS IT GENUINE CHIPPENDALE?" "ABSOLUTELY, SIR——" "BUT THIS LOOKS LIKE A CRACK RIGHT ACROSS——"  
 "DONE BY CHIPPENDALE HIMSELF, SIR, IN A FIT OF RAGE WHEN HE HEARD THE UNION HAD CALLED THE MEN OUT."

### MUTED.

[*"One of the finest effects accomplished by the Gramophone has been the obliteration of the inferior amateur singer."*]

ONCE in the dear dead days for ever gone,  
 When after-dinner songsters were in boom,  
 First of our local bachelors I shone  
 The vocal star of many a drawing-room.  
 My life was fair, my lot was well-contented;  
 Raised to a mellow status all my own,  
 I was admired, till somebody invented  
 That ruinous machine, the Gramophone.  
 Yes, in those flush and prospering times of yore  
 Oft'ner than not I had my victuals free,  
 Dined rarely at my own expense—what's more,  
 Could frequently economise in tea.  
 The empty stomach loved of men of leading  
 I waived without a murmur; for my part,  
 I sang my finest after hearty feeding,  
 But mine was nature, theirs was only art.  
 Yet think not that I scrupled to enlist  
 Art to my needs; I had, when I began,  
 Twelve lessons from our local organist  
 (And twelve should be enough for any man);  
 'Twas he indeed that gave me skill to render  
 Shop-ballads with apparent grace and ease;  
 Sad songs, with a refrain to make them tender,  
 And published, as a rule, in several keys.  
 Ah, blessed songs! I sang them by the sheet;  
 Sang them in fullest measure, as implored  
 By many a dame whose feast was incomplete  
 Save for this voice which all her friends adored.

Bright was the present, and the future sunny;  
 Indeed, had things continued as they were,  
 It was supposed that I should marry money,  
 So popular was I among the fair.

But now, alas, how dark is my eclipse;  
 My ample jaws are sealed, and in their place  
 Yawns a colossal trumpet, from whose lips  
 Stentorian tenor vies with bull-voiced bass.  
 Bleating like goats or bellowing like thunder,  
 Now that in every home the echoes ring  
 With discy records of the great, what wonder  
 That amateurs are not allowed to sing?

And thus my social vogue has gone. To-day  
 Rarely the hostess bids me to the feast;  
 The local maidens pass me on the way  
 As tho' they'd never loved me in the least;  
 And—heaviest pang of all—when, after dinner,  
 I take my lonely stroll, or sit alone,  
 Borne on the breeze I hear, as I'm a sinner,  
 My own shop-ballads—on a Gramophone.

DUM-DUM.

### Persistence.

"The harvest festival at the Wesleyan Church took place on Sunday, when the Rev. H. W. Edwards preached throughout the day."  
*Surrey Advertiser.*  
 The bull-dog tenacity of these Wesleyans!

### Economics in the Poultry-yard.

"Whenever eggs are cheap the fowls yield a fair supply, and when they become dear production stops."—*Pull Mall Gazette.*



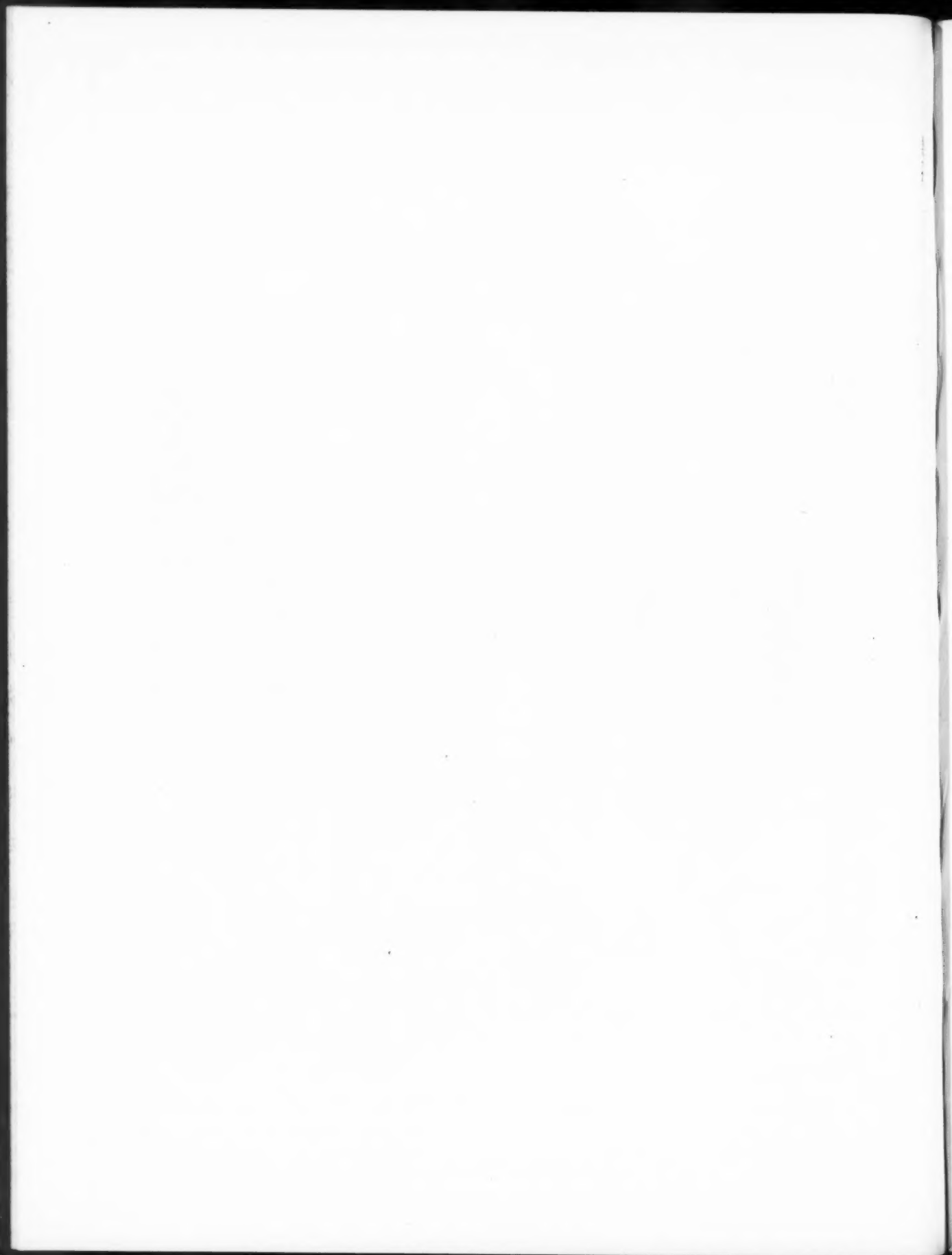
### UTOPIA—LIMITED.

FRANCE (coming to congratulate the youngest Republic). "GLAD YOU TOO HAVE ADOPTED THE IDEAL FORM OF GOVERNMENT."

PORTUGAL. "THANKS. IT OUGHT TO BE PLAIN SAILING NOW, OUGHTN'T IT?"

FRANCE. "YE-ES. SORRY I CAN'T STOP TO SAY MORE—SHOCKING STATE OF THINGS AT HOME—JUST ESCAPED ANOTHER REVOLUTION."







THE WOLF INVITES THE LAMB TO DEFRAY THE COST OF RAVAGING THE FOLD.

*Passing Capitalist (to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P.).* "WELL, OF ALL THE CONF—! LOOK HERE, YOUNG FELLOW, IF YOU IMAGINE YOU'RE GOING TO GET SUPPORT FROM US, I'D ADVISE YOU TO DO AWAY WITH SOME OF THOSE HUMOROUS LITTLE BOARDS OF YOURS!"

[MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P., in a letter to *The Daily Telegraph*, makes a cool appeal to the public, "quite apart from political feeling or conviction," to subscribe funds in order "(1) to maintain the organisation of the Labour Party in constituencies; (2) to enable candidates to conduct their elections; (3) to carry on the production and distribution of literature, bills, and other things incidental to the efficient working of a political party."]

THE MUSEUM FUN-CITY.

LAST week's correspondence in *The Evening Standard* with regard to the "listless demeanour of a great number of those who visit and wander aimlessly about our museums" is about to bear fruit shortly, and there should be no further complaints about the "atmosphere of mystery" and "lack of entertainment" in these institutions. To begin with, the British Museum, we understand, is going to be White-City-

fied and generally livened up for the Coronation year under the capable management of Mr. IMRE KIRALFY as Commissioner-General, assisted (under protest) by the Director and Principal Librarian, Dr. KENYON, and by the Keepers of Printed Books, Oriental Manuscripts, Egyptian Antiquities, and Mediæval Ethnography, and the Heads of the other departments.

The existing plainness and severity of the fore-court, at present given over to the gambols of pigeons, are to be

relieved by a Babylonian band-stand, where classical renderings of music of the time of DANIEL will be given on the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery and dulcimer; and by an Assyrian Wiggle-woggle, modelled on the Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

On entering, the visitor will at once have a choice of entertainment combined with instruction. He can make his way direct on the Rolling Platform to the Spiral Toboggan encircling the Reading Room, where the driver of the

car will point out, as he whirls breathlessly past, the intellectual treasures indicated by the titles of the volumes on the shelves, and enlist his sympathy with the busy hive of workers below, interspersing his remarks with *personalia* on the more curious *habitués*.

Another delight will be to proceed on the left to the Imperial Cock-shy, where an hilarious half-hour can be profitably spent among the busts of the Roman Emperors, now transformed into Aunt Sallies of the period and aimed at (though, it is true, by a pardonable anachronism) with the *discus*, as used in the Athenian *pentathlon*. This done, a fund of amusement will be provided by the Witching Waves in the Egyptian Gallery, where we can travel in Twelfth-Dynasty Nile-boats and Amen-hotep mummy-cases over undulating sheets of iron to the Khufu Café and the Pef-dudu-bast-mes-bast Restaurant on the right and left respectively. Sarcophagi for two will permit engaged couples to consume their refreshment in comparative privacy.

Further on, we shall come to the Tiglath-pileser Biography and the Assurbanipal Hall of Laughter, where humorous episodes of 700-600 B.C. will be adequately treated by competent demonstrators; nor will the more human side of Sennacherib, or Esarhaddon *chez lui*, be neglected.

A Moving Staircase will convey visitors to the upper regions, where a Scenic Cyclone will switchback them around the thousand-and-one treasures stored therein. One great improvement is proposed—there will be no extra charges for side-shows such as the Portland Vase or the Death-dealing Mummy, and, if our information is correct, we foresee that the revived British Busheum will be the great London attraction in the near future.

ZIGZAG.

Speaking at the Chew Magna Agricultural Show Sir EDWARD STRACHEY "hoped the price of cheese and butter would be maintained, if not increased." All very well for the agriculturists of Chew Magna; but what of the poor consumers whose food may cost them more? They will have to chew parva.

## THE PENALTIES OF PRO-PINQUITY.

(Suggested by a recent outrage.)

LIVING in retirement at Ponder's End after thirty years' work as Medical Officer of Health, Mr. Richard Barbecue, whose first wife was the Prime Minister's seventh cousin twice removed, has been somewhat surprised to find himself the subject of a number of newspaper paragraphs.



PRETTY REVIVAL OF AN ANCIENT CUSTOM.

THE OBEISANCE.

"I can't for the life of me understand it," was the remark of Mr. Barbecue to a *Daily Inquisitor* representative, who had been recently foiled by the reticence of the Prime Minister's brother, but the journalist discreetly refrained from the obvious suggestion that his wife's close relationship with the Premier might explain this phenomenon.

"I haven't any anecdotes about the Prime Minister," Mr. Barbecue went on. "As a matter of fact I have never seen him; but I once travelled in the same train with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, I have a postcard written by Mr. GLADSTONE to a local bookseller from whom I bought it for half-a-crown, and I

am also the possessor of a Gladstone bag."

"It is said," remarked the representative of *The Inquisitor*, "that on the occasion of your wife's marriage she was the recipient of a set of fish-knives from the present Prime Minister."

"I am sorry to say," replied Mr. Barbecue, "that there is no foundation for the story. It is true that she was presented with a set of fish-knives, but they were the gift, not of the Premier, but of her godfather, the late Rev. Marcus Jimson."

"But surely," queried the indefatigable journalist, "it is true that you were up at Balliol with Mr. ASQUITH?"

"Well," replied Mr. Barbecue, with some heat, "if you must have the truth, here it is. I went up to matriculate at Balliol when Mr. ASQUITH was there, but failed, and subsequently went to Durham."

"Perhaps Mrs. Barbecue might favour me with some recollections of her distinguished relative."

"She might have," was the rejoinder, "if she were alive, but as she died fifteen years ago, and as the present Mrs. Barbecue is my third wife and is not interested in politics, I am afraid that I cannot assist you in this matter."

"What do you think Mrs. Barbecue—I mean your first wife—would have thought of the Conference?"

At this point Mr. Barbecue assumed so menacing an aspect that the representative of *The Inquisitor* hastily withdrew through an open window into a cucumber frame, subsequently climbing over a garden-wall and reaching Fleet Street in a dishevelled but otherwise undefeated condition.

From Wilson's Catalogue of Theological Books:

"Punch, or the London Charivari, 22 vols."

The latest addition to the programme of the concert of Europe: "Braga's Serenata."

"Found, Merry Widow Hat, 'tween Middleton & Rochdale, Oct. 8."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle*.

She must have been very merry.





THE MARQUIS DE T. AND LADY M. SEEM TO BE ENJOYING THEMSELVES.



POOR GENERAL B. HAS A BAD DAY.



CHARMING LADY VIOLET GETS INTO DIFFICULTIES.



THE MULTIMILLIONAIRE, MR. S., GIVES A TIP.



THE DEAN OF W. TAKES A WELL-EARNED FORTY WINKS AFTER LUNCHEON.



THE BAG.

LORD H.'S THREE DAYS' SHOOT; LORD H. IS MARKED WITH A X.

THE ABOVE ARE SPECIMENS OF WHAT MAY APPEAR IN THE PAGES OF OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC PRESS IF THE CAMERA ARTIST CONTINUES TO BE THWARTED BY EXCLUSION FROM PUBLIC PLACES (SUCH AS THE PADDOCK). HE IS A DANGEROUS ENEMY.

### SPECTACULAR GOLF.

(Suggested by a recent contest.)

At the first hole Miss Beach's tee shot hit a perambulator containing twins, but unfortunately no casualty occurred, though the occupants of the perambulator were vocal in expressing their indignation. Mr. Bilton, however, had better luck with his second—a full iron shot against the wind which struck on the right temple an aviator who was hovering above the green and brought him to earth like a stone. To the general disappointment of the crowd the airman only broke several ribs and after a few minutes was able to walk to the club-house without assistance. Starting one down at the second Miss Beach deliberately hooked her drive into the crowd and a loud yell from an elderly gentleman in a check suit proclaimed the welcome news that her shot had taken effect.

The victim, who seemed to be in great agony, was removed on a stretcher by the Bulliondale Golf Club Ambulance Corps to the Cottage Hospital, but rallied in the course of a few hours and was able to proceed to his home in a bath-chair.

Meantime Mr. Bilton had not been idle. His tee shot was a blank, but with his second, a long raking brassie-shot, he felled a sheep which had inadvertently strayed on to the course. The hole was accordingly halved amid great enthusiasm. No casualties occurred at either the third or the fourth hole and the crowd were beginning to get somewhat impatient when Miss Beach, with a masterly half-topped drive from the fifth tee, hit and killed on the spot a Pekinese spaniel which had got inside the ropes. The spectators were almost delirious with excitement at this magnificent shot and several minutes elapsed before the game could be resumed. Mr. Bilton was

evidently rather unnerved by this demonstration and, determining at all hazards to hit something, sliced his ball into his caddie. As by the new rules such casualties do not count, Mr. Bilton lost the hole. He reasserted himself splendidly at the next hole. Both the drives were blank, and Mr. Bilton's second landed him in the deep bunker guarding the green. Taking his bull-dog niblick he made a splendid recovery, laying the ball dead on the nose of an intrusive spectator who was craning eagerly over the ropes.

Later.—Result: Miss Beach won by 4 kills, 5 seriously wounded, 6 slightly injured, to Mr. Bilton's 3 kills, 4 seriously wounded, 8 slightly wounded.

"PINK.—October 11th, at 12, Clyde-street, Ford, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Pink, a son (née Alice Andrews)."—*West's Morning News*.

They must try to do better than this at the christening.

## MAIL-BAGS.

No. V.—THE M.P.'s.

To Samuel Soames, Esq., M.P.,  
The House of Commons.

DEAR MR. SOAMES,—On Thursday evening next the motion to give facilities for the Women's Franchise Bill will be before the House. The Bill *must* pass. We intend it to pass. We have said so, and we are taking steps to ensure it. To speak quite frankly, we intend to make life unendurable for those who are pusillanimous enough to vote against the Bill.

I am taking you into my confidence, dear Mr. Soames, because I am quite sure you are going to use your vote and your very great influence on our side. No sensible man could do otherwise after studying the literature I enclose, which sets out a few of our main arguments. Please sign and return to me your promise to vote for the Bill. Yours for the Cause,

C. P./K.L. CYNTHIA PERKINS  
17 Enclos. (Organising Secretary).

(Answer: Mr. Soames has always had the best interests of women deeply at heart, and hopes to be in his place on Thursday evening to record his vote on the right side.)

DEAR MR. SOAMES,—Of course that ridiculous Women's Franchise Bill must be killed, and we are relying on you to help in the good work. No really nice woman wants the vote, and no man who looks into the future with the eye of a statesman would ever jeopardise the safety of the Empire by granting it.

To vote for the Bill would mean ruin to any man's political future, and we are quite sure that *you* are clear-sighted enough to see this. However, I am enclosing a few pamphlets to help you in your decision. Will you please sign the promise to vote against the Bill?

Yours very truly,  
MARGARET CARYLL-STUART  
M.C./E.R. (Organising Secretary).  
23 Enclos.

(Answer: Mr. Soames has always had the best interests of women deeply at heart, and hopes to be in his place on Thursday evening to record his vote on the right side.)

DEAR SIR,—In case you have not yet read my book, "The Scarlet Peril," I am enclosing a signed copy, with compliments. You, I am certain, will at once grasp its tremendous import to the nation. As one of your constituents—I think I may say without boasting, one of your most influential constituents—I should be greatly

obliged if you would table the following question in the House:—

"To ask the Secretary of State for War if he has read 'The Scarlet Peril,' by Captain Boffington Bulger, obtainable from all booksellers at 4s. 6d. net, or direct from the author, 'The Banyans,' Diddlehampton, for 5s. 0d. post free; and, if so, what steps he proposes to take in view of the very grave state of affairs divulged in the said book."

I hope, Sir, that you will not allow this question to be burked or shelved, but will press it before the House with the utmost vigour.

Yours faithfully,  
BOFFINGTON BULGER  
(Late Captain the Diddlesex  
Volunteers).

(Answer: Mr. Soames has already seen "The Scarlet Peril" on the book-stalls, and would congratulate the author on having brought the question so vividly to the notice of the nation. Mr. Soames has always had the matter deeply at heart, and would gladly urge it forward did not the interests of Party discipline forbid. As a military man, Captain Bulger will be the first to appreciate the force of this objection.)

DEAR SIR,—No doubt you already know the merits of our Five Star Bundersleigh Nettle-Beer, but I am taking the liberty of sending to your private address a case of same for you to sample at your leisure.

I am writing this to ask you if you will please urge the Catering Committee of the House of Commons to stock and push this brand. Believe me, ours is THE BEST. As our motto states, it is "The King of Nettle-Beers and the Nettle-Beer of Kings."

Yours faithfully,  
EBENEZER WILKS.

(Answer: Mr. Soames has always had deeply at heart the fostering of local industries. He proposes to forward the sample case so kindly supplied by Mr. Wilks to the Catering Committee of the House of Commons, where he hopes it will meet with the treatment it so richly deserves.)

DEAR SIR,—Of course you know that I induced my uncle to vote for you at the last Election, because I felt you had such a beautiful outlook on the Prevention of Cruelty to Rabbits Bill. So now I am going to ask you a small favour in return.

My dear boy, Gussie, has really splendid abilities, but somehow he has never seemed to find the proper scope for them. You probably know that he had to give up the Civil Service and the Bar because of his dislike of the

ridiculous questions they set in the examinations, and he never seemed happy in schoolmastering, fruit-farming in California, estate-managing, journalism, tea-broking, pursing or debt-collecting. The very post for him would be by the side of some strong, noble character, and that is why I want you to take my dear boy as your assistant private secretary and really look after him and bring out the best that is in him.

I have his boxes all packed and can send him to you at a moment's notice.

Yours very truly,  
MADELINE LINDEN.

(Answer:—Mr. Soames. Tell her I'm afraid my private secretary is terribly cantankerous and difficult to get on with.

Mr. Soames' Secretary. Oh, Sir! Mr. Soames. Well, then, tell her I have something or other deeply at heart.)

## THE NOSEGAY.

(After Waller.)

[Among the articles on show at the London Medical Exhibition has been a new remedy for a cold in the head. It is derived from red roses, which, it is said, spell destruction to countless millions of bacilli.]

Go, lovely Rose!  
And seek with antiseptic aid  
My lady's nose,  
Which all in scarlet is arrayed,  
Putting thy blushes in the shade.

Within her breast  
A myriad foes do bivouac  
And with a zest  
Pursue their impudent attack;  
Thy part it is to drive them back.

For at thy breath  
The hellicose bacillus squirms,  
And, faced by death,  
That countless company of germs  
Yields unto thee on any terms.

Decking her brow,  
Thou mightst have found a snug retreat;  
But oh, I vow,  
As Anti-Cold (in box complete)  
Thou'lt smell a hundred times more  
sweet!

So many patented names present the greatest difficulty to the intelligence of the public that we are glad to be able to announce, on the advertised authority of the patentees, that "THERMOS is the word the ancient Greeks used when they wished to say HOT."

"SPORTS.—Wanted, name of corset maker, padded and protected with chamois, and short bones for hunting."—Advertisement in "The Quack."  
These short-boned makers of corsets are a terror to foxes.



Visitor (his first experience of Dublin). "WHAT A DREADFUL SMELL!"

Driver. "FAITH, SORR, BUT THE SMELL AV THE LIFFEY'S WAN AV THE SIGHTS AV DUBLIN."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is idle to say that magic is no more, for a magician is still among us and his name is Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING. For that is the impression left upon one after reading *Rewards and Fairies* (MACMILLAN): that its author is a wizard. Certainly no such imaginative and vivid reconstruction of old England has ever been accomplished as you find here and in the first volume of the work—*Puck of Pook's Hill*. I don't say the new volume is perfect. It has nothing as remarkable and thrilling as "Dymchurch Flit" in its predecessor; there are faults of vagueness, chiefly the result of a leaping mind; the new verse is rarely inspired and is often slovenly. But when one considers the quality of Mr. KIPLING's invention, the piety of his patriotism, the freshness and vigour of his style, and his astounding understanding of men and movements, why one forgets all about these little trifling defects and again murmurs, "Wizard." HAZLITT said of KEAN's acting that it was like reading SHAKESPEARE by lightning. One might adapt this to Mr. KIPLING, and say that these two whimsical illuminating books are like reading English History by the light of the Will-o'-the-wisp.

*Prester John* (NELSON) was a sort of Ethiopian Napoleon of the fifteenth century who left behind him a kingdom, a tradition, and a collar of rubies, which were all equally fine and large. In these degenerate days his mantle and his rubies fell upon the swarthy shoulders and encircled the

ebon neck of the Rev. John Laputa, in this country a Christian minister and the darling of Exeter Hall, in his own a splendid specimen of the noble savage and the head of a great Kaffir rising which must have swept the English out of South Africa into the sea if *David Crawford*, a young Scots storekeeper at Blaauwildebeestfontein, had not nipped the conspiracy in the bud. *Davie* was wise and brave beyond his years, and the story of his hair-breadth escapes and adventures is as thrilling as anything I have read since the golden hour in my undergraduate days when the opening chapters of *Treasure Island* first enthralled me. Our wee *Davie* and the boy-hero of *Treasure Island* are like each other in many ways. They both draw maps of the scene of their adventures, both overhear important conversations, both do many brave things and at least one foolish one—which turns out for the best—and the female element is religiously excluded from both their books. But I cannot carp at this resemblance (not to speak of the dash of *King Solomon's Mines* which I find in *Prester John*), because in spite of it Mr. JOHN BUCHAN is himself all the time and no copyist, and has shown me that I am still boy enough to revel in treasure-hunting and the splendid deeds of youth quite as much as in reading reports of league football matches or the ineffectual struggles of my middle-aged friends against Colonel Bogey. And I believe that the colonel and his victims would all agree with me and become boys again if they would only take my advice and read *Prester John*.

After the absence of sanitation almost the greatest disadvantage of living seventy years ago must have been that



nobody could write jolly books about the manners and customs of the period; for there is no doubt that our grandfathers and grandmothers had very little idea how eccentric they were. This being so, when we boast of our advance in science and engineering, of our improved taste in furniture, and the triumphs of the Daily Press, let us ask ourselves if we are doing our duty (as drolls) to the literature of posterity, and, if not, feel slightly ashamed. *Early Victorian* (SMITH, ELDER) purports to be a series of sketches of the principal inhabitants of Basset in the pre-railway epoch, but S. G. TALLENTYRE has enlivened it with enough plot for the makings of a genuine novel. With *Pollie Latimer*, with the two doctors of Basset, with *Parson Grant* and with *Rachel Pilkington* you ought certainly to become acquainted, for their habits form very delectable reading. "Mrs. Benet . . . after some cogitation purchased the wedding present—a large china lady clad in a short but not indecent pink skirt, and listening attentively to a shell. The Doctor and Maggie were both called into the clammy closeness of the parlour to inspect this offering. Maggie said 'Lor!' and declared herself that glad she was not going to have the dusting of it. 'Very unique indeed, Jeannie, I should say—very unique,' was the doctor's observation; and seeing the word Miranda at the lady's base, he added that it had escaped him for the moment who Miranda was. 'That's for them to find out,' said Mrs. Benet, as if she were setting the bridal pair a conundrum." The author has shown a rare vein of sympathy for those homely virtues which our ancestors did possess, and I can only hope that if we do after all appear amusing to the writer of 1980 we shall be treated as leniently as this.

Mrs. COMYNS CARR, the author of *By Ways That They Knew Not* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), has managed to invest a somewhat outworn and melodramatic theme with an unusual amount of interest. Certainly she gets no help from her plot. When the hero, assuming himself to be a childless widower, proposes to the heroine, and, in the very moment of acceptance, meets an infant who mentions a secretive mother, and has eyes that remind him of the past—well, most of Mrs. COMYNS CARR's readers will know what to expect. Nor will they be disappointed. Even to the death of the superfluous wife in the last chapter, all the familiar thrills are provided; but what is more surprising is that they do quite genuinely thrill; which I take to be a singular testimony to the writer's craft. I confess myself baffled, however, to account for the startling change by which Mrs. COMYNS CARR, having located her earlier scenes at Dover, suddenly begins to speak of them as happening at Folkestone. This confused me frightfully; especially as the wife was at that moment escaping to France, and the ambiguity appeared likely to extend itself to the other side, both Calais and Boulogne being mentioned as her destination. When I remind you gently of the title of the book you will appreciate the humour which I could expend upon this, and do not. Still, I think that should other editions be called for—as they almost certainly will be, since a tale so

well told has all the makings of a popular success—the point is one that might with advantage be elucidated. Meanwhile I content myself with saying that I read every word of it.

When I read a story of mysterious and sinister murder, of elaborate but inevitable detection, I insist upon knowing the murderer from the start, hobnobbing intimately with him, but never for a moment suspecting that he is the guilty party. I am, I feel, entitled to my complete surprise, certainly to my strain of perpetual excitement. In *The Mummy Moves* (WERNER LAURIE) I got neither. *Alfred Eastman* was murdered in his lonely flat. I knew at once, though the others had their doubts, that his nephew *Fabian* was not responsible. To confirm that surmise, *Fabian* got murdered himself, and the double suspicion then pointed to *Edward Steward*. "Don't you believe it," said I, but *Detective Dodson*, being less shrewd, still needed conviction, and *Edward's* throat also was fatally slit. After that I gave up knowing or caring: for anyone, including yourself, might have done it. Here was no apparently inexplicable problem to be solved. Simply the name of a murderer was kept back till the last chapter. The ultimate incrimination of a casual baker, whom I had hardly met, left me unmoved, and I am tempted to account for the whole affair thus. A friend of Mrs. MARY GAUNT, I am sure, bet her that she could not write a good detective story. She, justly aware of her literary ability, but forgetting that she was a woman, took the bet on. In the final event she has shown that she can write with humour, insight, and even power, but as for the detective story she has written, the friend has easily won the bet.



THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC HAS OFFERED £10 FOR THE BEST POSTER ADVERTISING THE SCHOOL. THE ABOVE IS MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE EFFORT.

#### All the Winners.

The following account of a "Boating Competition" appeared in *The Bengalee* :—

"Owing to the drizzling rain which fell all day, the programme of the contest was much affected though no sooner the rain ceased, all the parties went out barring the Canal Sporting Club, who were much handicapped by a few of their men taking to the Football field and were obliged to abandon the contest, and joined Mr. K. D. Ghosh's party and spent an enjoyable evening by watching the beautiful sceneries of the embankment. Lovely songs were sung with great gusto at intervals.

"It being settled that the contest should start from the Railway Bridge to White Bridge or New Bridge, and vice versa, Mukherjee's team crossed first with the guidance of their skilful helmsman Mr. M. N. Bose, leading by 5 yds. and was declared winners, Mr. Mitter's team who fought keenly all along cleverly turned back and reached the starting point first spreading the news that they were the winners. Then Mr. G. N. Dutt's team without giving the least notice of their start to Mukherjee's team, who were then taking their refreshment and preparing themselves for the fresh fight, crossed and reached the starting point. Lastly, Mr. Mukherjee's team being stunned at the unsporting spirit shown against them, returned home leisurely but sadly being last on this occasion.

"However, judging the game from the above, the contest was undecided as all the three teams claimed to be the winners. It is sad that no decision could be arrived at mutually, and unless some rules are framed, it seems almost certain that nothing satisfactory will be arrived at, a thing much to be avoided in the interest of sport and all concerned."

Mr. Punch, who is also greatly concerned, has pleasure in offering his best aquatic sympathies to all the various winners of this historic contest.